

Combined with **CRIME SMASHERS**

# CRIME MYSTERIES

MAY 17 10c

YOU DON'T DARE KILL  
ME!! IF I DIE SHE  
WILL NEVER WAKE

**AGAIN!!**



A NEW BLOOD-CURDLING ADVENTURE

**SONS OF SATAN**

PLUS OTHER THRILLING FEATURES

CHILLING TALES OF CRIME AND TERROR





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



Vol. 1  
No. 7

Combined with **CRIME SMASHERS**

MAY  
1953

# **CRIME MYSTERIES**

ADOLPHE BARREAUX, Editor

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### **SONS OF SATAN**

Story by **RICHARD KAHN**

Drawn by **MORRIS MARCUS**

Lance Storm faces one of the toughest problems of his career as a criminologist when his enemy, Prof. Zarno, gets an atomic bomb into his evil, avaricious hands.

### **DEAD AT THE WHEEL**

Story by **PAUL S. NEWMAN**

Drawn by **ANTHONY TALLARICO**

A State Trooper runs into some strange situations, but this one of a careening car on a country road, and a dead man driving, tops all in mystery and suspense.

### **THE FANTASTIC DR. FOO**

Story by **ALBERT TYLER**

Drawn by **ALBERT TYLER**

The Oriental philosopher thinks he can take a day off, but when a hunted man furtively approaches him, he becomes involved in a web of hateful international intrigue.

### **TERROR IN THE DARK**

By **ASHLEY CALHOUN**

Being married to a brutal, murderous thief created a life of terror for this wife. She vainly sought a way out, until at last, in the gloom, she found her vengeance.

### **SALLY THE SLEUTH**

Story by **RAY McCLELLAND**

Drawn by **PIERRE CHARPENTIER**

Sally accompanies her girl friend Darlene into the House of Death and terrifying things immediately begin to happen all around them. But Sally solves them all.

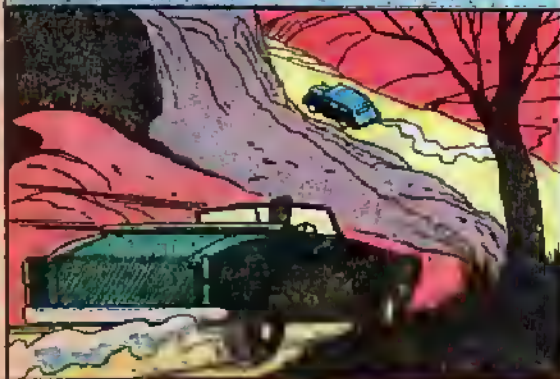
Cover Drawing by **HARRY HARRISON**

**LANCE STORM, CRIME-FIGHTER, IS FACED WITH A TERRIBLE DECISION... EITHER ABANDON THE SEARCH FOR A TIME-BOMB SET TO BLOW UP A CITY, OR TRY TO FIND A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK! WHATEVER HIS COURSE, HE HAD TO OUTWIT THE EVIL MASTERMIND, PROFESSOR ZARNO, HIS ARCH ENEMY, WHO HAD RETURNED WITH A HORRIFYING MENACE KNOWN ONLY TO THE UNDERWORLD AS THE ---**

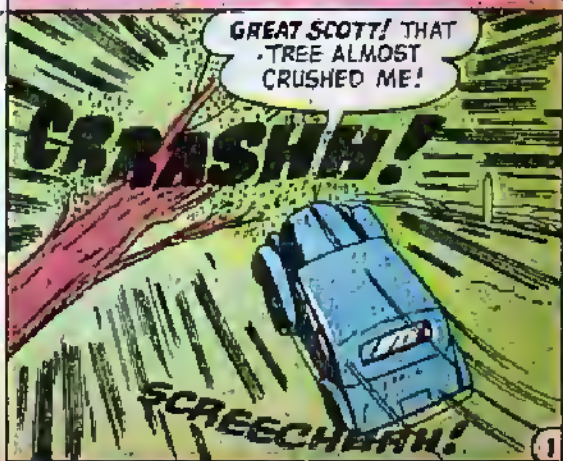
# Sons of Satan!



A SUNNY AFTERNOON IN SOUTHERN FRANCE, TWO CARS SPEED ALONG THE HIGHWAY, ONE OF THEM CONTAINS LANCE STORM, FAMOUS PSYCHOLOGIST... THE OTHER-- A MAN BENT ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION...



IN THE FIRST CAR AHEAD OF LANCE'S-- OUR STORY BEGINS...













AN HOUR LATER, AT THE MURDER SCENE...

IF I HADN'T BEEN BEHIND THIS MAN, ZARNO WOULD HAVE ESCAPED UNNOTICED! BUT I WAS ON MY WAY TO CANNES AND THE RIVIERA FOR A SHORT VACATION!

FORTUNATELY, M'SIEUR STORM, YOU DID NOTICE HIM! THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY MURDER!

THE VICTIM WAS A PHYSICIST IN A SECRET ATOMIC PLANT NEARBY! HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO DELIVER A URANIUM CAPSULE FOR STUDY BY HOSPITAL AUTHORITIES! IT HAS BEEN STOLEN!

AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN -- THIS CARD DROPPED BY ZARNO, IS THE RENDEZVOUS WHERE HE IS TO MEET HIS CONSPIRATORS AFTERWARDS! WE HAVE LITTLE TIME TO LOSE!

A CARD WITH A MESSAGE OF A MYSTERIOUS RENDEZVOUS IS LANCE'S ONLY CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MASTERMIND OF THE UNDERWORLD. THAT EVENING, IN THE GAY STREETS OF CANNES, THE MARDI GRAS IS IN FULL SWING...

LAUGH... SING! COME--LET US BE GAY!

HA, HA... DANCE! WE SHALL DANCE!

AND SOMEWHERE IN THE CROWD, ALWAYS A GRIM, SILENT FIGURE, WATCHING, ALWAYS WATCHING...

ONLY THOSE DRESSED AS SATAN ENTER THAT OLD THEATRE! WHAT IS ZARNO'S GAME? I MUST FIND OUT...

ENTER THE ABODE OF THE BEYOND, BROTHERS! THE PASSWORD--?

WE ARE THE SONS OF SATAN!

THEY CERTAINLY ARE! IF INSPECTOR LAFARGE WAITS FOR MY SIGNAL, WE'LL CAPTURE ALL THESE RATS IN OUR TRAP!

INSIDE...

I HAVE CHANGED THE URANIUM CAPSULE INTO A TIME-BOMB BY FORCING OUT THE LOCK MECHANISM CONTROLLING ITS ATOMIC ENERGY! WE WILL BLOW UP THE MASTER ELECTRICITY PLANT AND THUS PARALYZE CANNES!

OUR MEN WAIT JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY FOR THE LIGHTS TO FAIL! FRANCE AND THE WORLD WILL WELL REMEMBER THIS CRIME-WAVE! HA, HA...





I DOUBT IT, GENTLEMEN!  
PROFESSOR ZARNO IS COMING  
WITH ME FOR A GOOD  
LONG STAY IN PRISON!

YOU  
AGAIN!!



LANCE FLINGS UP HIS WRIST, ON WHICH IS  
STRAPPED A PORTABLE RADIO MICROPHONE,  
ONE OF HIS INVENTIONS.

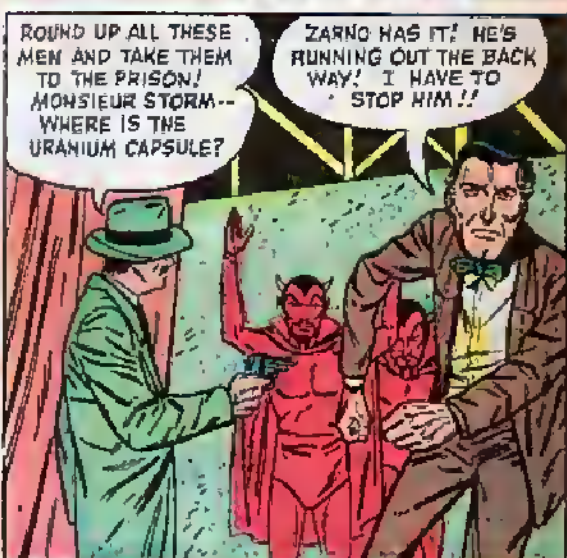
YOU CAN KILL ONLY A FEW OF  
US BEFORE WE OVERWHELM  
YOU! NO, STORM! YOU'VE  
GROWN TOO CUNNING FOR  
YOUR OWN GOOD! HA, HA...

THE STAGE IS  
SET, INSPECTOR  
LAFARGE! MAKE  
YOUR GRAND  
ENTRANCE!



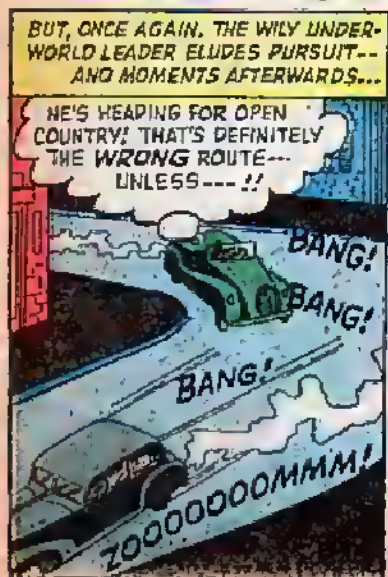
UP WITH YOUR  
HANDS! THE NET  
IS TOO TIGHT!

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS,  
STORM! YOU AND YOUR  
INFERNAL SCIENTIFIC  
GADGETS!



ROUND UP ALL THESE  
MEN AND TAKE THEM  
TO THE PRISON!  
MONSIEUR STORM--  
WHERE IS THE  
URANIUM CAPSULE?

ZARNO HAS IT! HE'S  
RUNNING OUT THE BACK  
WAY! I HAVE TO  
STOP HIM!!



BUT, ONCE AGAIN, THE WILY UNDER-  
WORLD LEADER ELUDES PURSUIT--  
AND MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...

HE'S HEADING FOR OPEN  
COUNTRY! THAT'S DEFINITELY  
THE **WRONG** ROUTE--  
UNLESS--- !!



INSPECTOR, IF I KNOW  
ZARNO, HE'S GOT A PLANE  
HIDDEN HERE SOMEWHERE!  
ALERT YOUR AIR-POLICE  
UNITS FOR A POSSIBLE  
INTERCEPTION, AND HAVE A  
PLANE MEET ME FOUR MILES  
UP THIS HIGHWAY! ZARNO  
IS GAINING ON ME!

AT ONCE,  
MONSIEUR!

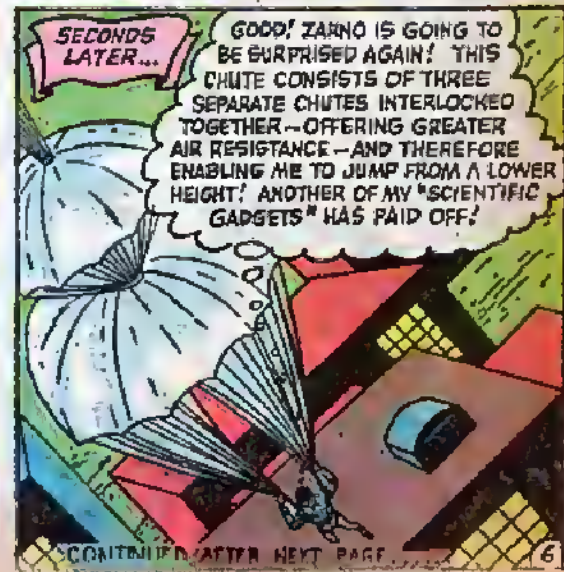
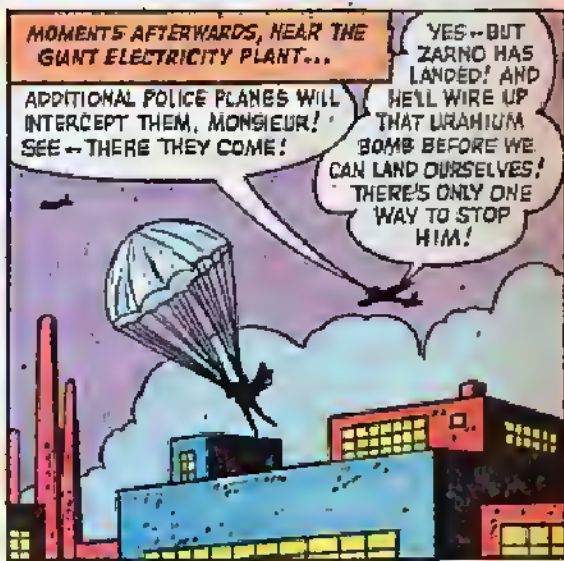
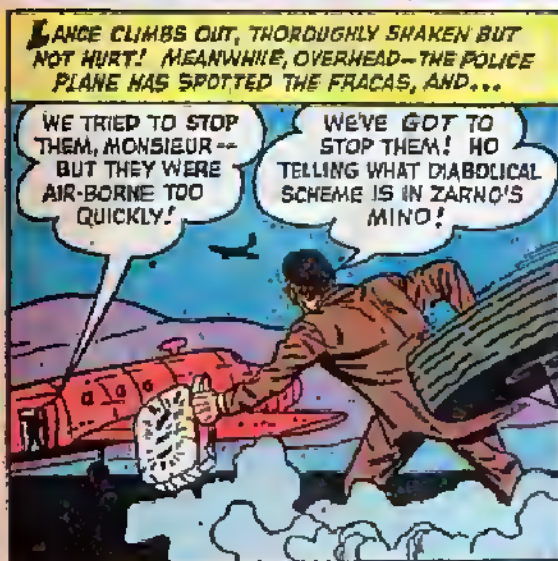
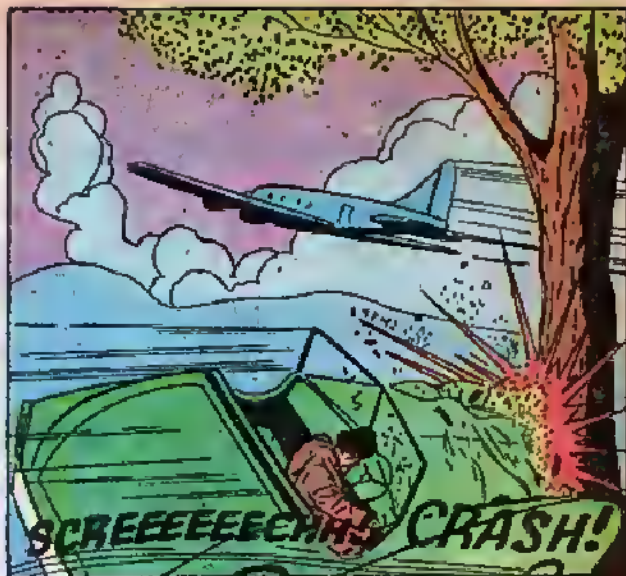
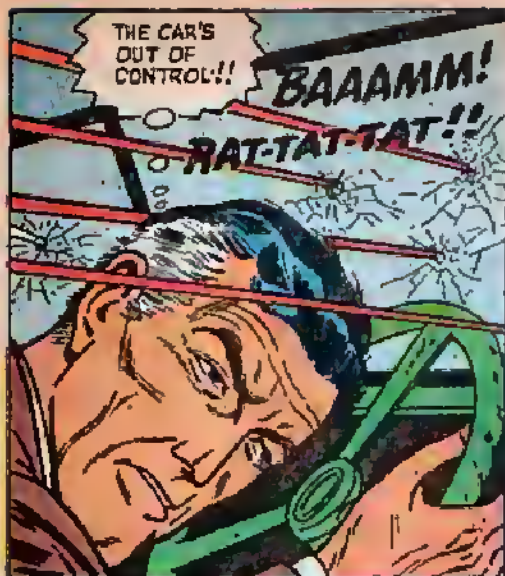


MINUTES LATER, ZARNO'S CAR STREAKS  
TOWARD A HIDDEN FIELD, AND...

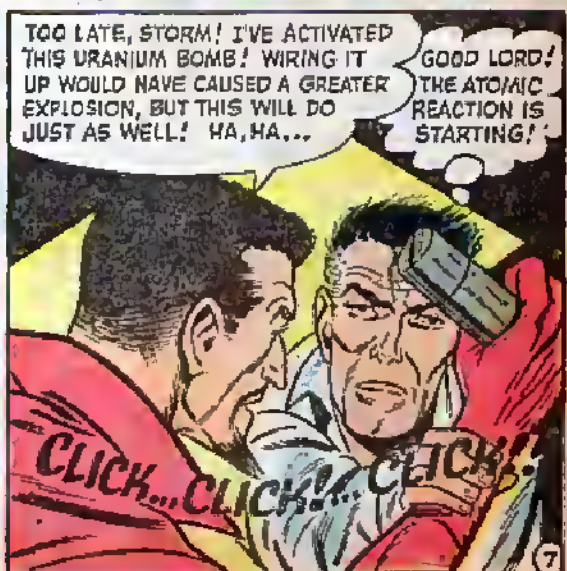
I WAS RIGHT!  
THERE'S THE  
PLANE!

RAT  
TAT  
TAT!

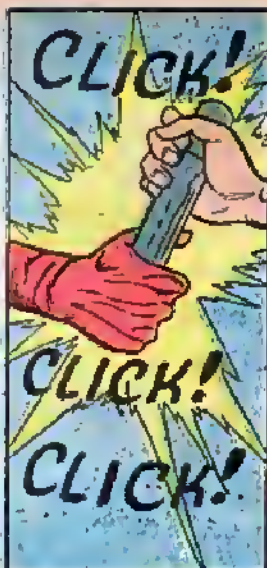














# STOP S.E.

(SKIN EMBARRASSMENT)

**FIRST COMPLETE KIT  
FOR TREATMENT OF SKIN BLEMISHES  
AVAILABLE ONLY IN EPI-KIT**

Are you ashamed to go to parties or dances because of your appearance? Do you avoid meeting people, especially of the opposite sex, because of your skin? Why suffer needlessly from pimples, acne, blackheads and blemishes?

The New Miracle Formula and EPI-KIT will amaze you with its 5 point attack.



## 1. EFFECTIVE HEALING

The EPI-KIT treatment has been tremendously successful for many reasons. The New Miracle Formula is most important. Also — its effective work continues 24 hours every day. It is skin colored and can be used at school, at work, on dates.

## 2. IMMEDIATE RESULTS

You will see some improvement after the first treatment! Unsightly pimples, blackheads and blemishes, are covered while the healing goes on. It can even be used as a base for cosmetics. It is greaseless and will not stain pillows or clothing.

## 3. DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS

You will be given a step-by-step set of simple instructions. Takes just a few minutes a day.

## 4. COMPLETE TREATMENT

In the kit you will get everything you need to carry out these instructions; including an ample supply of the Miracle Formula, cleansing agent, applicator, etc.

## 5. EXTRA HINTS

EPI-KIT gives you, in addition to everything mentioned above, hints on diet and foods to eat or to avoid. You also get information on Do's and Don'ts of skin care.

\*External caused.

### BONUS

Mail the coupon now and EPI-KIT will send you a 50c bonus certificate good on refill orders. (This offer may be withdrawn — so ACT NOW!

## NEW MIRACLE FORMULA 100% SUCCESS

REPORTED IN  
MEDICAL JOURNAL

- EPI-KIT offers you, for the first time, the opportunity to take advantage of an amazingly successful experiment in skin care for only 1.98. Every one of the patients in this experiment followed instructions like you will get. The famous Dermatologist who conducted the experiment reported success in every case.

### NOTHING TO LOSE

- Crown Laboratories, makers at EPI-KIT guarantee the results of this treatment. If you follow instructions and are not satisfied, return the kit and get a full refund. (No questions asked).



### MAIL COUPON TODAY!

CROWN LABORATORIES

200 West 34th St. (Rm. 1606) New York 1, N. Y.

Rush EPI-KIT to me in plain wrapper with bonus coupon included. I understand that it is fully guaranteed to satisfy and help me. I will pay the introductory price of \$1.98 as follows:

Check one.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay small mailing charges.

☐ I enclose 1.98 money order, check or cash. Crown Laboratories will pay mailing charges.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_





# You get 'Shop Training' at home when you learn Television my way!

THOUSANDS OF TECHNICIANS NEEDING NOW — IT TAKES YOU 5 TO 10 DAYS TO LEARN IN 1942

—Says R. C. Anderson, President of C.T.I.

## A TRIPLE OPPORTUNITY FOR SUCCESS IN AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING INDUSTRY

Why waste your time on a drudge job at low pay when you can learn to install and repair television sets so easily! As a technician, you can earn up to \$100 a week and more — with lots of opportunity for overtime. There's a shortage of technicians with 16 million sets now in operation. Experts say that within five years, 50 million receivers will be in use. What a chance to get in on the ground floor! You can quickly get a high-pay job with a dealer; open a shop of your own; or earn plenty of spare-time profits. C.T.I. trains you in months for success — at home in spare time.

## YOU BUILD and KEEP A 16-INCH TELEVISION SET

In addition to over 100 well-illustrated, step-by-step lessons, C.T.I. sends you tools, parts and tubes for building a top-quality television receiver. You get valuable experience, and you keep the set to use and enjoy. Note that you learn TV not just radio!



## YOU GET 20 BIG KITS-BUILD TEST INSTRUMENTS



Besides assembling the television set, you also build your power supply unit; a fixed frequency generator; a grading bar generator (which creates a signal and makes testing possible even in remote areas). You build many circuits — get sound, comprehensive training applicable to any set, any make. You get special instruction with each kit.

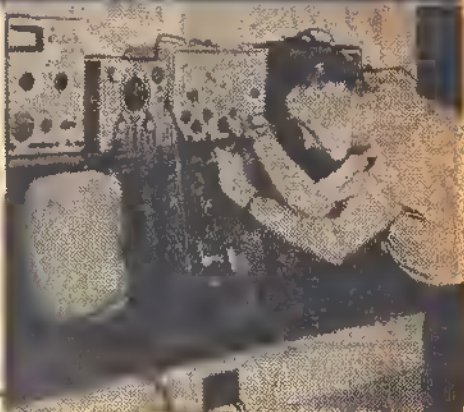
## YOUR TRAINING IS KEPT UP-TO-DATE for 5 YEARS

Instruction material for 5 years is sent on any new developments — whether it may be color pictures, 3rd dimension or wall projection. This feature protects your tuition investment!

## PROOF! From students and graduates

"I have a very nice business in radio and television. I also sell television sets and gross \$6,000 a month." —A. J. Perri, Mich. "Since graduating, I have been repairing TV sets. I have more business than I can keep up with." —John Marshall, Ill. "I now have my own service shop. There are two of us and we keep busy all the time." —Vernon Rikli, Wis. "My income has increased 34%; my equipment has increased 300% in the last three months; and I can diagnose 75% of all TV defects at a glance. You made everything possible." —Frank Della, Ill. "My C.T.I. training was good enough to promote me to the managership of a TV and radio shop." —R. C. Miller, Wash. "I now own and operate my own shop." —Clifford Griffith, Ind.

Commercial Trades Institute, 836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.



## INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS NEEDS 70,000

Within three years, it is estimated that over 130,000 technicians will be required to install and maintain home TV receivers. But there are big opportunities in industrial electronics, too! A leading trade magazine recently stated that the electronics industry could use possibly 70,000 well-trained technicians right now. Your C.T.I. training prepares you for many good jobs in this field, as well as for positions in communications.

## VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE!

We have prepared a valuable booklet entitled, "You Can Succeed in Television." It is jam-packed with facts. It describes your opportunities in television, and it tells how you can prepare for a well-paid position or a business of your own. Discover how easily you can learn television at home through C.T.I.'s famous shop-proved method . . . in months! Get the facts from the school that has graduated over 30,000 ambitious men! Mail coupon!

## MAIL COUPON OR WRITE TODAY

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, Dept. 378  
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Send valuable free booklet on course checked below:

- |   |  |                                      |
|---|--|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> TELEVISION     | <input type="checkbox"/> Upholstering  | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Mechanics | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting      | <input type="checkbox"/> Nursing     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Body-Fender    | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship   | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building       | <input type="checkbox"/> Factory       | <input type="checkbox"/> Charm and   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Construction   | <input type="checkbox"/> Management    | <input type="checkbox"/> Modeling    |
|   | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration | <input type="checkbox"/> High School |

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

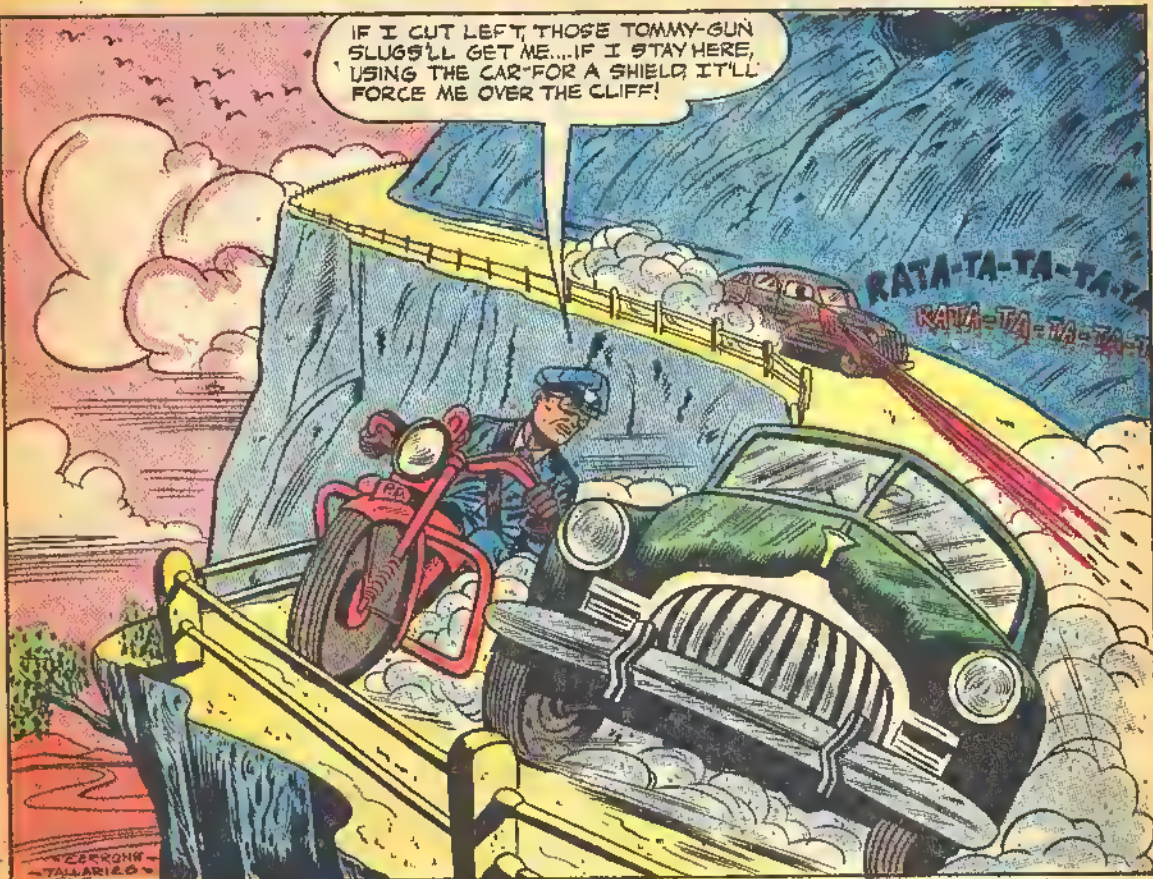
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



IT STARTED OUT LIKE A ROUTINE JOB FOR STATE TROOPER, CHUCK COLLINS, BUT THE SWERVING CAR HE CHASED IN WILD PURSUIT WAS THE TARGET OF A GANGLAND WAR AND CROOKS WERE DETERMINED TO LAY HIM OUT NEXT TO THAT CAR'S DRIVER, WHO WAS.....

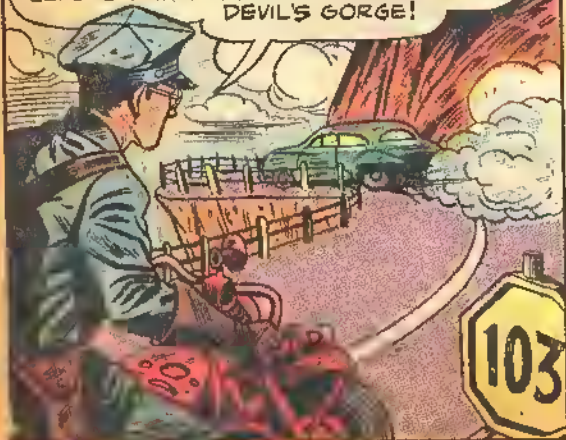
# DEAD AT THE WHEEL!

IF I CUT LEFT, THOSE TOMMY-GUN SLUGS'LL GET ME...IF I STAY HERE, USING THE CAR FOR A SHIELD, IT'LL FORCE ME OVER THE CLIFF!



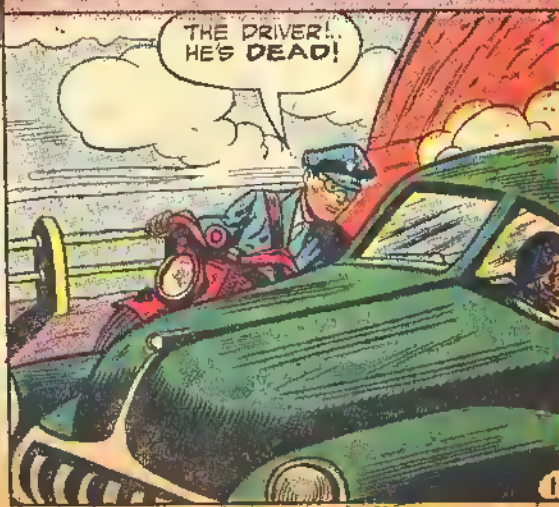
A STATE TROOPER GLANCES UP HIGHWAY 103 AND GUNS HIS MOTORCYCLE....

THAT CRAZY DRIVER'LL END UP OVER THE CLIFF! I'D BETTER ORDER HIM TO PULL UP BEFORE THEY HAVE TO FISH HIM OUT OF DEVIL'S GORGE!

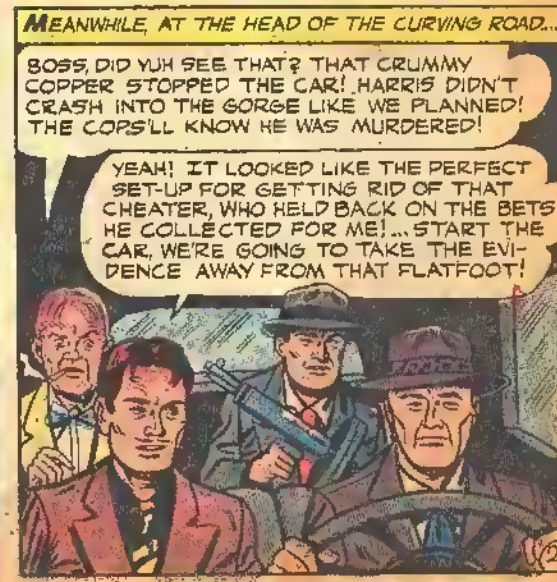
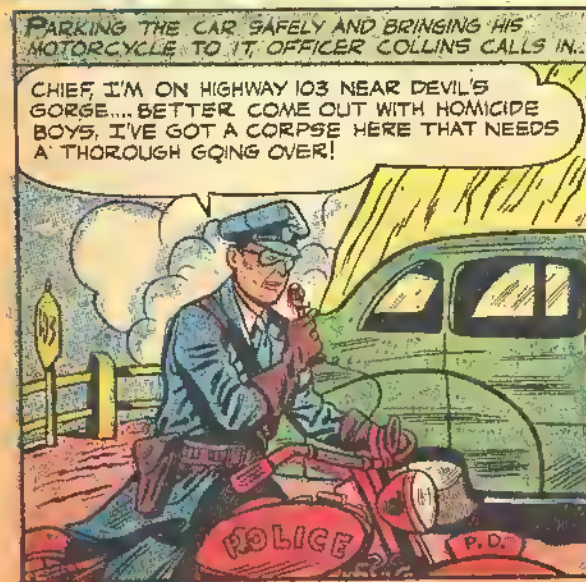
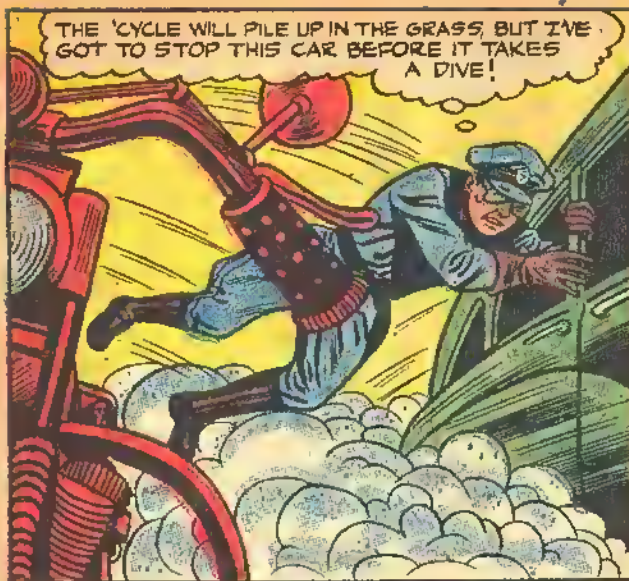


HIS MOTORCYCLE BLASTS DOWN THE WINDING ROAD AND CHUCK COLLINS PULLS UP BY THE RUNAWAY CAR AND GLANCES INSIDE....

THE DRIVER! HE'S DEAD!

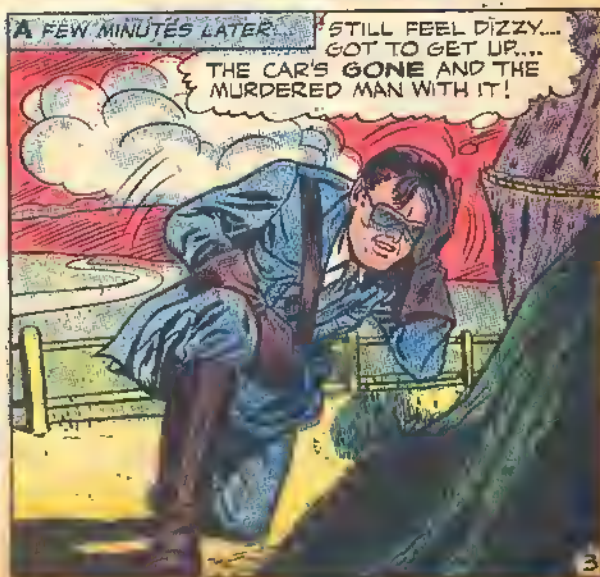
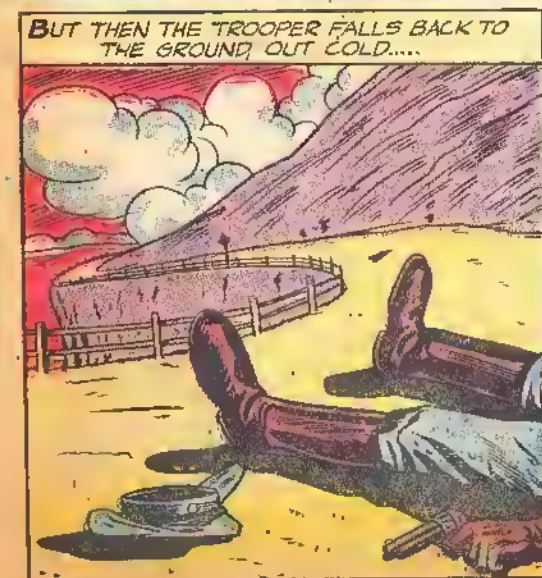
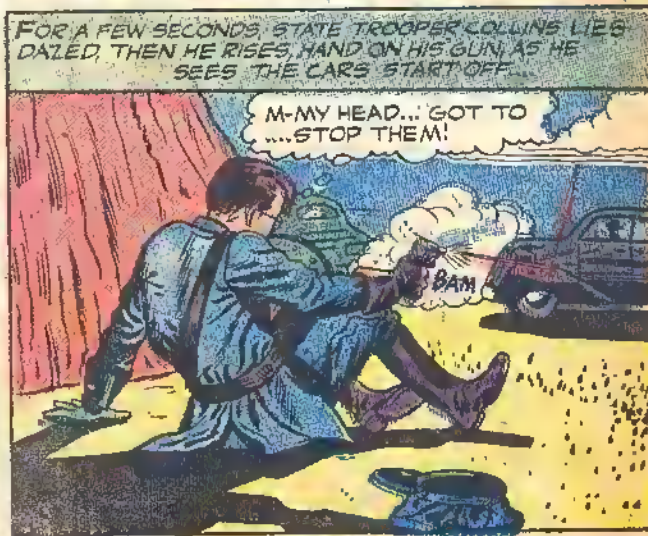
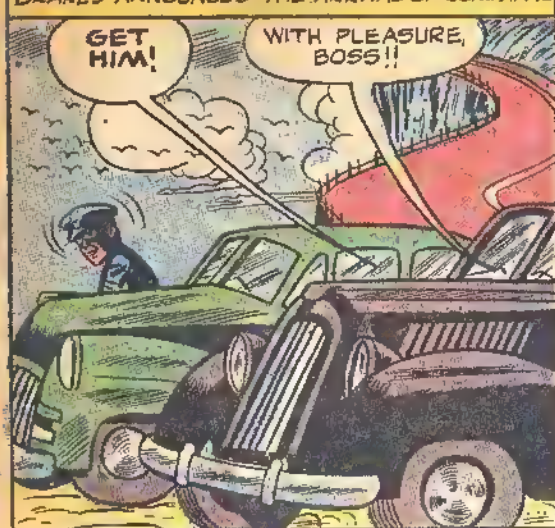








AS CHUCK COLLINS SIGNS OFF, A SCREECH OF BRAKES ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF COMPANY.

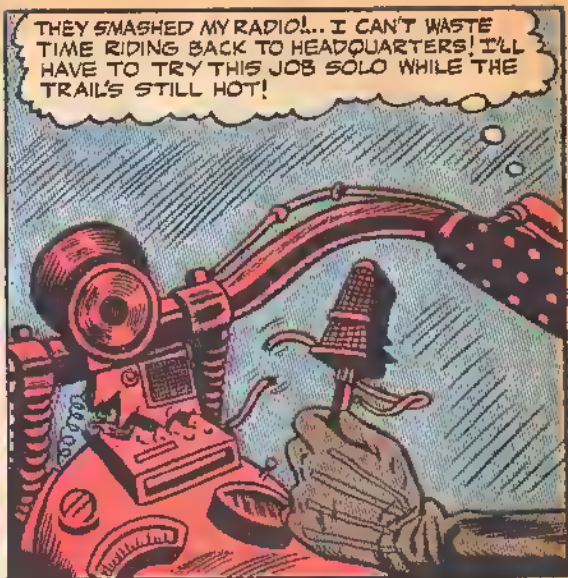




OIL!....WHEN I FIRED, I MUST HAVE HIT THE OIL LINE! THOSE KILLERS LEFT A TRAIL AND THE CORPSE I NEED IS AT THE END OF IT!

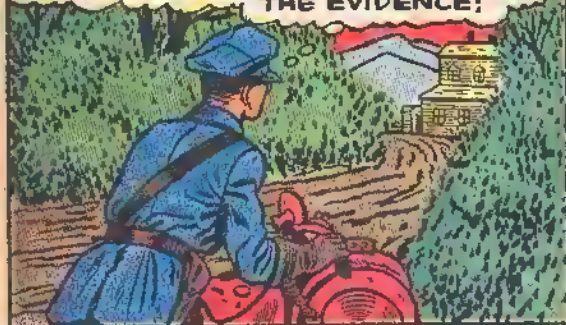


THEY SMASHED MY RADIO!... I CAN'T WASTE TIME RIDING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS! I'LL HAVE TO TRY THIS JOB SOLO WHILE THE TRAIL'S STILL HOT!

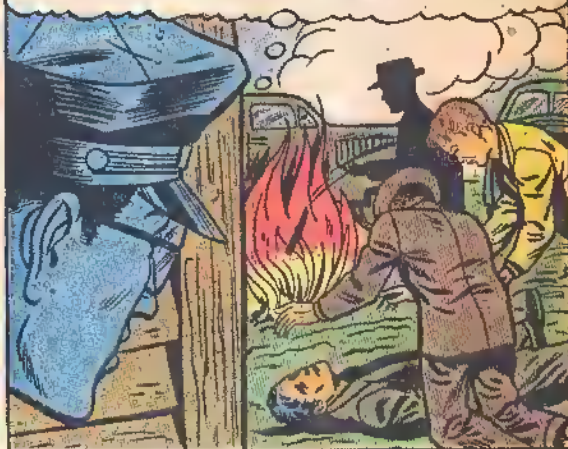


FOLLOWING THE OIL DRIPS, TROOPER CHUCK COLLINS CUTS FROM HIGHWAY 103 ONTO A DIRT SIDE ROAD AND SUDDENLY.....

A HOUSE!.... I'D BETTER PARK THE 'CYCLE AND CHECK ON FOOT SO THEY DON'T HEAR ME COMING! IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THOSE CHARACTERS ARE THE MURDERERS AND AND THEY'RE STILL OUT TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE!



A FIRE!....SO THATS THEIR GAME! THEY HOPE TO GET RID OF THE BODY BY BURNING IT! WELL, I'LL MAKE IT A LITTLE HOTTER FOR THEM!!

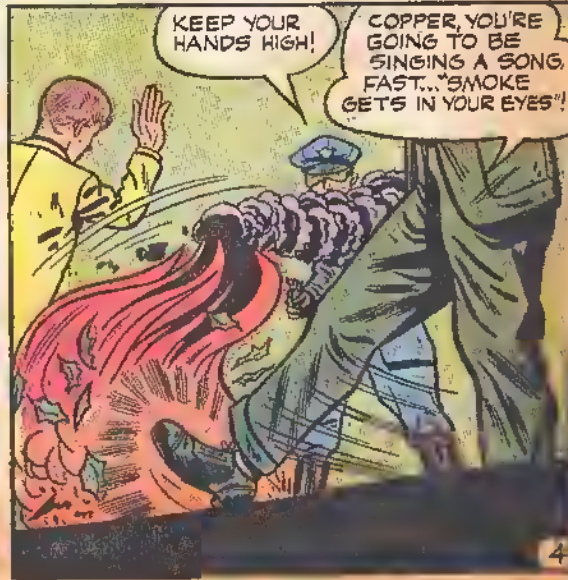


THE NEXT SHOT WON'T MISS! .... REACH!



KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH!

COPPER, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SINGING A SONG, FAST... "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES"!

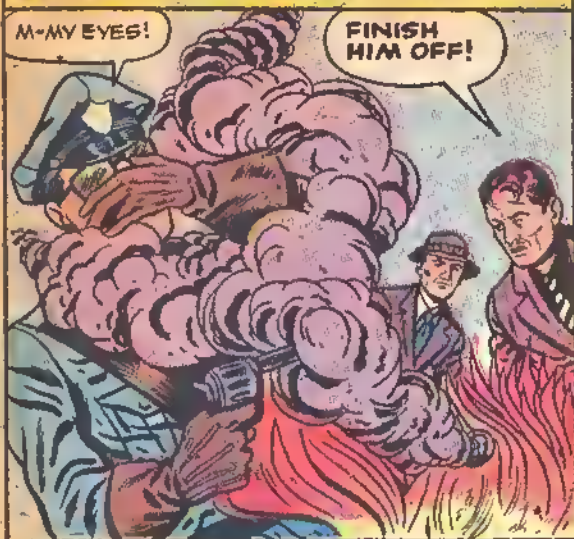




AS THE DRY LEAVES CATCH FIRE, SUDDENLY....

M-MY EYES!

FINISH HIM OFF!



I'LL FLATTEN THE FLATFOOT...WATCH!



MY EYES ARE CLEARING  
...THE NEXT SHOT, I'LL  
PUT BETWEEN YOUR EYES!

YEOOW!



OOW!

NOW I'LL MAKE LULLABY  
MUSIC FOR YOU MUGS!



BUT AS CHUCK FLATTENS THE SECOND TUGH,  
THE BLACK SEDAN BOLTS DOWN THE ROAD!  
CHUCK CUFFS THE TWO TUGHS TO A TREE AND  
RACES OFF....

YOU CAN PLAY RING-AROUND-A-ROSY, WHILE  
I CATCH YOUR PAL ON MY MOTOR  
CYCLE!



LEAPING ON HIS MOTORCYCLE, CHUCK ROARS DOWN  
THE DIRT ROAD IN ANGRY PURSUIT...

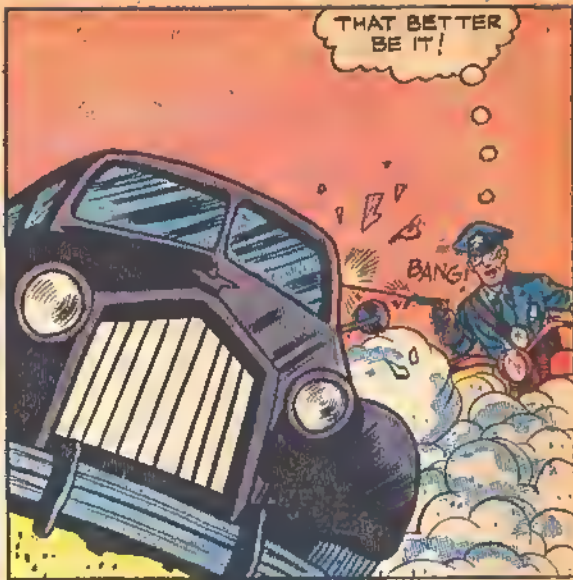
HE'S SHOOTING...WELL, TWO CAN PLAY  
THIS GAME, BUT ONLY ONE IS  
GOING TO WIN IT!







CLOSE...BUT NOT  
CLOSE ENOUGH!!



THAT BETTER  
BE IT!



AS THE CROOK SLUMPS FORWARD  
DEAD, HIS CAR RACING ONTO HIGHWAY  
103 WILDLY... THE PATROL CAR FROM  
HEADQUARTERS CRUISES UP...

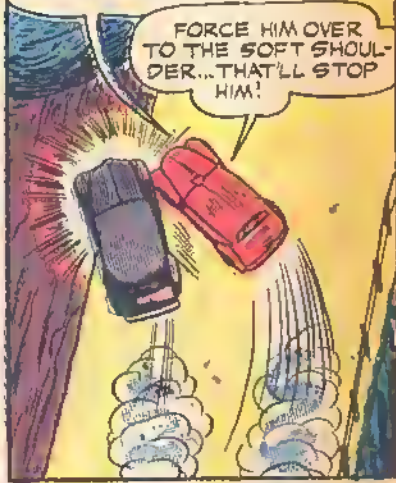
CHIEF, WE SHOULD SPOT  
COLLINS ALONG THE ROAD  
SOMEWHERE NEAR....

...NEVER MIND COLLINS!  
STOP THAT CRAZY  
CAR!!



CHIEF, THE DRIVER OF THAT  
CAR IS CRUMPED OUT!

FORCE HIM OVER  
TO THE SOFT SHOUL-  
DER...THAT'LL STOP  
HIM!



THAT HALTED  
HIM, CHIEF!

PILE OUT AND LET'S  
HAVE A LOOK AT  
THAT DRIVER!



HEY! THIS GUY'S DEAD...MUST HAVE DIED  
ACCIDENTLY AT THE WHEEL!

FUNNY CHIEF, THAT'S WHAT I  
THOUGHT ABOUT ANOTHER  
DRIVER WHEN THIS WHOLE THING  
STARTED!

THE  
END



# THE FANTASTIC Dr. Foo

DR. FOO—FOR ALL HIS VAST KNOWLEDGE ATTAINED IN THE LAMASARIES OF TIBET, BEFORE THE REDS FORCED HIM INTO EXILE, AND HIS RECOGNITION BY WESTERN CIVILIZATION AS A SCIENTIST OF UNCANNY SCHOLARLY MERIT IS STILL VERY MUCH LIKE OTHER MEN WHEN IT COMES TO TAKING A DAY FOR RELAXATION FROM THE COMPLICATIONS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE...

DR. FOO STARTS A BRIEF HOLIDAY BY BOARDING A SIGHT-SEEING BUS, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF ENMESHED IN AN INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE AS HE ENCOUNTERS A STRANGER AND BEGINS

**THE CASE of CHINA'S STOLEN FUNDS!**

IT IS WRITTEN, DR. FOO, THAT A LOWLY RODENT CANNOT PRESENT HIMSELF AS A DEVOURING CAT. YET IN THIS PRINTED TABLOID IS MY NEW GRAPHIC IMAGE... A TRIBUTE TO EVIL AND DISHONOR THAT DOES ME NO CREDIT... YOU KNOW WHO I AM? BEHOLD THE NEWSPAPER...



YOU ARE CHUNG LU LEE!

NONE OTHER.

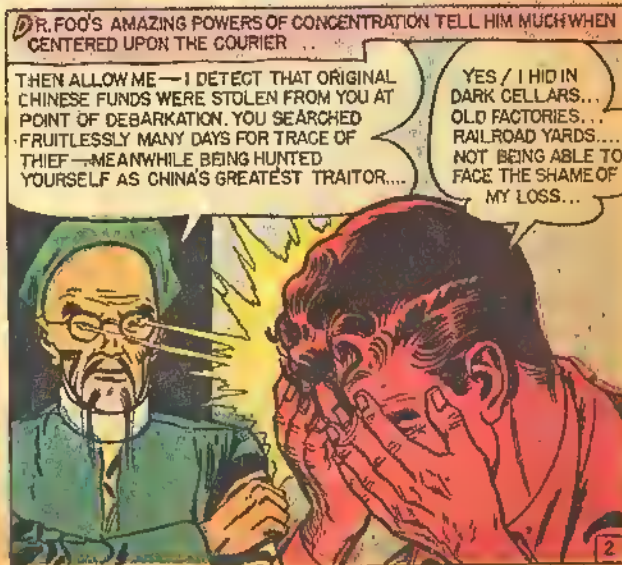
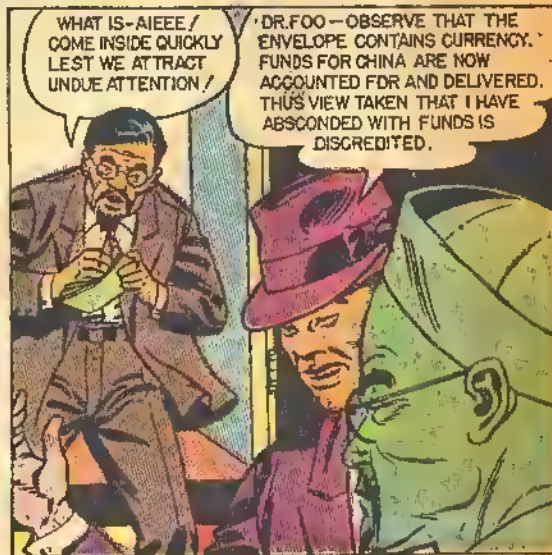
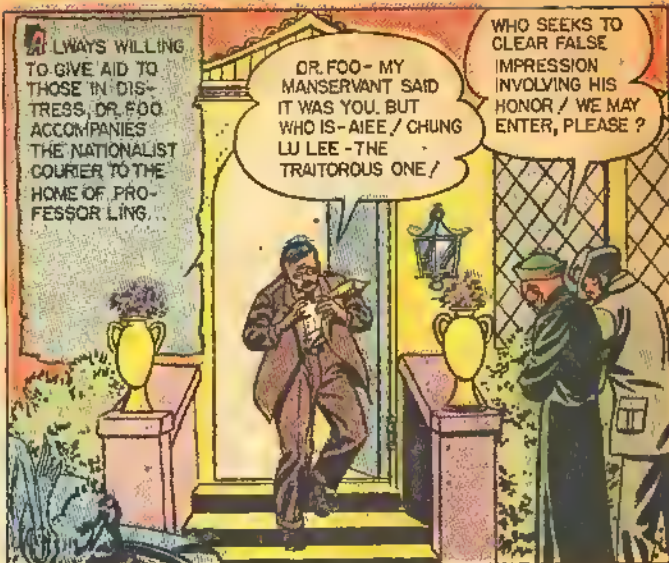
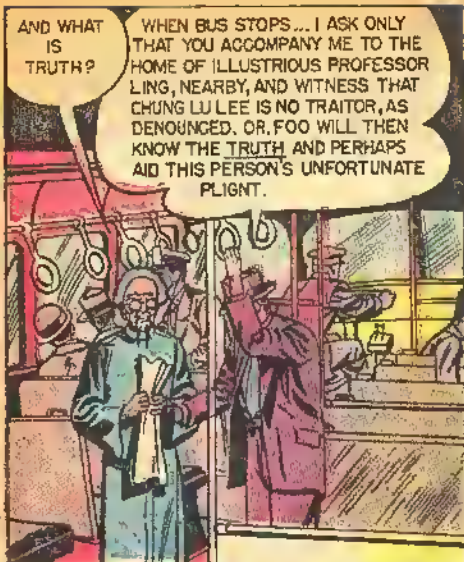


BECAUSE OF YOU GREAT CHINESE EXPERIMENT CEASES TO FUNCTION!

YES, DR. FOO, THE NAME OF CHUNG LU LEE HAS BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH SORDIDNESS OF BETRAYAL. YET THE IMAGE OF ME HERE IS LACKING TRUTH. I CANNOT PROVE.









... THEN I READ IN A NEWSPAPER OF THE GREAT SECRET EXPERIMENT FUNDS WERE TO FINANCE... HOW THIS GREAT WORK WOULD BRING DEVASTATION TO ACCURSED REDS WHO SEIZED OUR HOMELAND... (CHOKE)



GO ON, PLEASE.

... I STOLE LIKE A CRIMINAL... THE MONEY NOW IN HONORABLE PROFESSOR'S HAND / I AM PREPARED TO GO TO PRISON FOR MY THEFT, DR. FOO. I ONLY BEG THAT SINCE THE GREAT WORK MAY NOW PROCEED, YOU WILL FIND ORIGINAL STOLEN FUNDS AND RETURN THEFT OF CHUNG LU LEE, THAT I DO NOT DISHONOR CHINA STILL MORE.



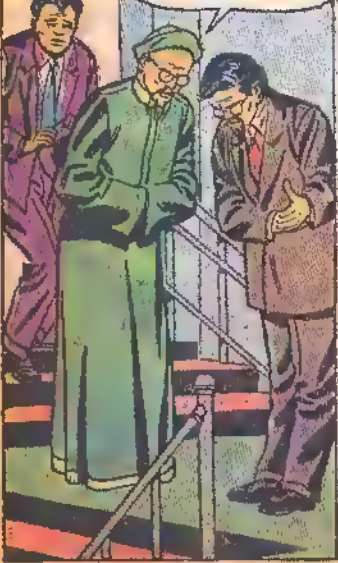
I HAVE SCRAWLED THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF ROBBERY VICTIM ON THIS PAPER..

H'MM - NAME IS THAT OF MUNITIONS PLANT MANUFACTURING NEW PROJECTILE BOMB FOR AMERICAN ARMY / HOW IS IT YOU GAINED ENTRANCE PAST ARMED GUARDS TO COMMIT BOLD THEFT ?



BUT CHUNG LU LEE ENCOUNTERED NO SUCH GUARDS...

IS MOST STRANGE... HAVE NOT HEARD OF VAST WEALTH BEING STORED IN MUNITIONS FACTORY BEFORE... AM ALSO INTRIGUED BY LACK OF GUARDS TO PROTECT NEW WEAPON... COME, LET US INVESTIGATE MOST CURIOUS EXPLOSIVE PLANT /



DR. FOO FINDS FAULT WITH INNOCENT VICTIM I HAVE PLUNDERED..?

AM MORE SUSPICIOUS OF VICTIM WHO LEAVES VAST FORTUNE UNPROTECTED THAN OF THIEF WHO BITES AT BAIT.



10 MINUTES LATER, ON A DESERTED STREET CORNER...

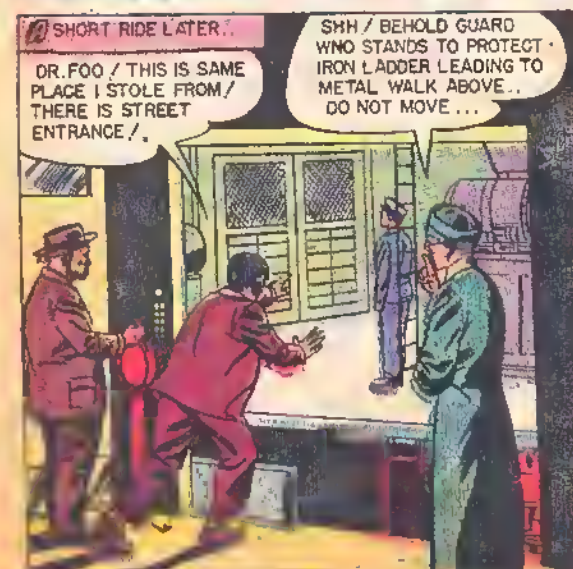
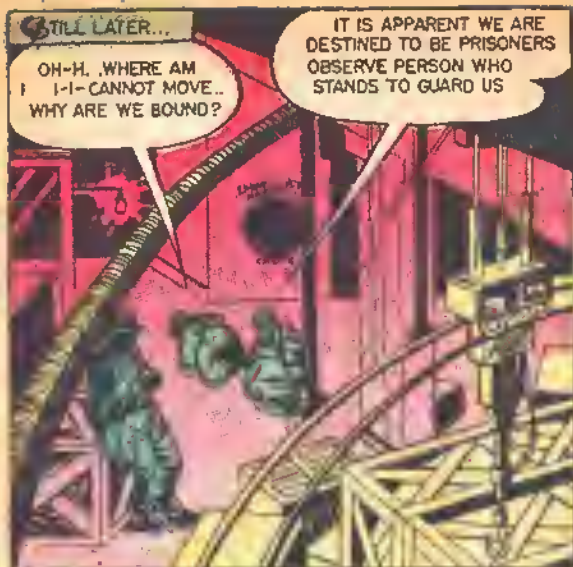
DR. FOO!

AIEEE! CHLOROFORM!

GET THEM INTO THE CAR - QUICKLY!









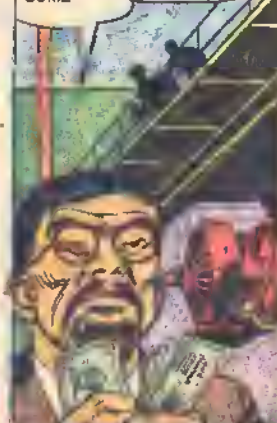


AND WHEN I OBSERVED THESE FUNDS AND OBSERVED DR. FOO WAS WITNESS, I ACTED WITH HASTE. BOTH WERE SUBDUED AND TAKEN CARE OF /

CONRADE LING DID WELL TO THWART NATIONALIST'S SECRET EXPERIMENT. WITH COURIER AND ACCURSED FOO GONE NO ONE KNOWS FUNDS HAVE BEEN DELIVERED.



—AND SUCH A VAST FORTUNE AS THIS WILL BUY MUCH TO FURTHER COMMUNIST CAUSE. LET US DELIVER CURRENCY NOW, TO OUR LEADERS COME



DR. FOO— / PROFESSOR LING IS GIVING MONEY TO THOSE MEN / CHINA'S GREAT EXPERIMENT WILL NEVER SUCCEED— /

IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE PROFESSOR LING IS COMMUNIST AGENT. HO / WE ARE OBSERVED /



SOMEONE WATCHES UP THERE! GET THEM!



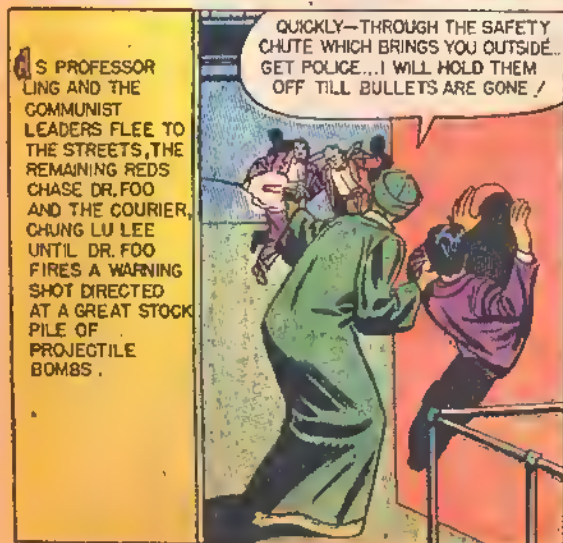
QUICKLY— AFTER THEM! GET THEM!



LEADERS / COME WITH ME /



AS PROFESSOR LING AND THE COMMUNIST LEADERS FLEE TO THE STREETS, THE REMAINING REDS CHASE DR. FOO AND THE COURIER, CHUNG LU LEE UNTIL DR. FOO FIRES A WARNING SHOT DIRECTED AT A GREAT STOCK PILE OF PROJECTILE BOMBS.



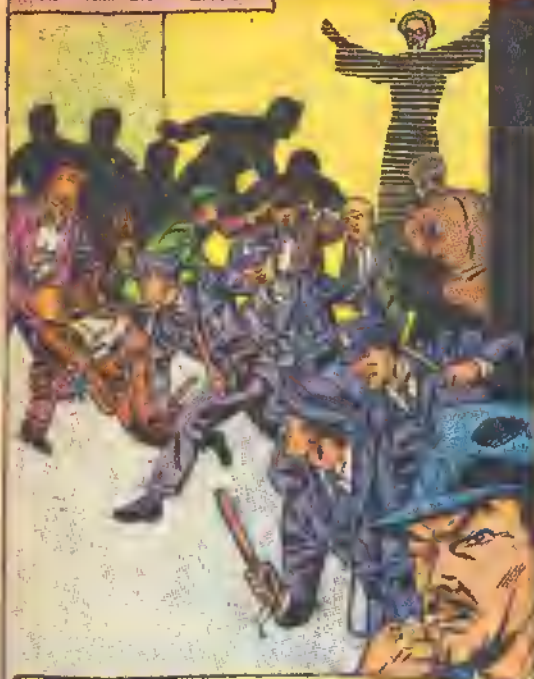
CRAZY FOOL SHOTS AT EXPLOSIVES / WE GO NO FURTHER /

FOOLS / THE "EXPLOSIVES" YOU FEAR ARE THE DUD PROJECTILE BOMBS I HAVE MANUFACTURED FOR AMERICAN ARMY / REAL EXPLOSIVES ARE HIDDEN IN BASEMENT / THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR / GET THE INTRUDER—KILL HIM /





AS THE SINISTER RED AGENTS TRAP AND CLOSE IN ON DR. FOO, THE AMAZING SCHOLAR USES MASS HYPNOSIS TO SEEMINGLY DISAPPEAR



... JUST AS A SHRILL WHISTLE PIERCES THE AIR AND WAITING POLICE SUDDENLY SWARM INTO THE PLANT WITH CHUNG LU LEE !

MOMENTS LATER, THE JEERING REDS ARE ROUNDED UP

FUNDS YOU SEEK ARE GONE — AS WILL BE FUTURE FUNDS !

OUR COMRADES WILL NEVER PERMIT NATIONALIST EXPERIMENT TO SUCCEED --- !

TAKE THEM AWAY ! DR.FOO — I AM AN AGENT FOR NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?



YES — ONLY REGRET IS THAT DISHONORABLE PROFESSOR LING AND OTHER REDS MADE ESCAPE TO CARRY ON EVIL WORK AGAINST CHINA

BUT THAT IS PRECISELY WHAT CHINA DOES WANT, DR.FOO. PROFESSOR LING IS REALLY ON OUR SIDE. POLICE WERE WAITING WITH ME FOR RED LEADERS TO LEAVE WHEN LEE FOUND US — PERHAPS THIS NOTE WILL EXPLAIN ...



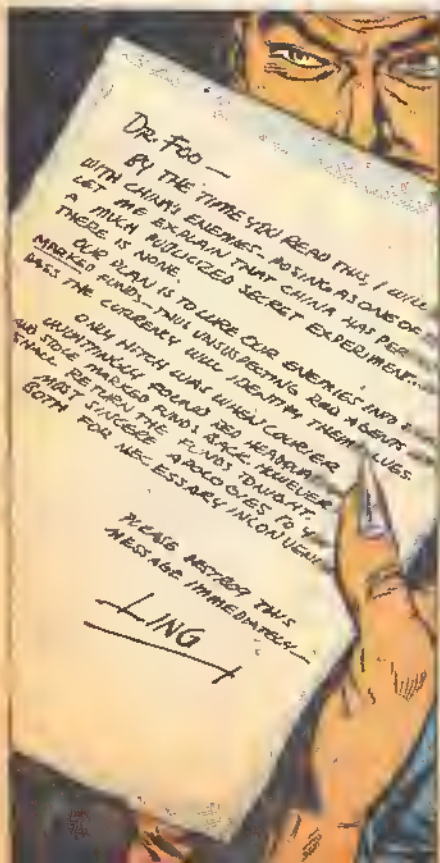
THIS ANSWERS MUCH. REAL EXPERIMENT OF CHINA IS TO MAKE ENEMY AGENTS REVEAL THEMSELVES.

WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE REDS HAD THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS UNTIL PROFESSOR LING PHONED US ABOUT CHUNG LU LEE AND THIS PLANT, THEN WE READY TO SPRING OUR TRAP ...

AND I THINK THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WILL THANK YOU, DR.FOO, FOR UNCOVERING THOSE

DUD PROJECTILE BOMBS DESTINED FOR KOREA.

SO — ! CHUNG LU LEE HAS RECLAIMED HONOR... REDS HAVE MARKED MONEY... CHINA HAS CUNNING SCHEME AND AMERICANS FIND DUD BOMBS. I AM THINKING, I STARTED DAY FOR RELAXATION COULD NOW USE REST ...



Dr. Foo — BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, I WILL BE WITH CHINA'S ENEMIES. POSING AS AN ONE OF LET ME EXPLAIN THAT CHINA HAS PERFORMED A MUKA PULLED SECRET EXPERIMENT. THERE IS NONE. OUR PLAN IS TO LURE OUR ENEMIES INTO A MARKED FUND — THAT UNSUSPECTING RED AGENTS LUGS THE CURRENCY WILL IDENTIFY THEM. ONLY HITCH WAS WHEN COURIER BRINTHUSKY FOUND RED HEADMAN AND SOLE MARKED FUND. AGENT HOWEVER, RETURN THE FUNDS TO WANG. MUST SUGGEST ARROGANT TO BOTH FOR NECESSARY INCONVENIENCE.

PLEASE RETURN THIS MESSAGE IMMEDIATELY.  
LING

THE END





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# TERROR IN THE DARK

SHE knew something was wrong by the way Joe came in. He had closed the door silently and was leaning against it with his ear to the crack. After a while he moved to the window, peering at the littered backyards below. Then he stepped over to his wife and the meaty heel of his big paw bounced off the side of her head. She glared at him in the darkness.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Ten after three—"

"It's midnight. Get it? If anybody asks, I was home since twelve o'clock. Understand?"

*That meant the cops.* "Twelve o'clock," she repeated, tonelessly.

She had learned the meaning of hate, and of patience, too. Some day, he'd leave evidence around, and she'd take it to the police and they'd put Joe away where he belonged.

She went back to sleep. In the morning, Joe was sitting in the rocker, staring out the window at what was going on below. Something caught her eye. "What's that on your whiskers? Looks like a little gob of fluff."

Joe sat bolt upright, clawing at his face. She sat up too. "What are you so excited about? You'd think it was going to kill you."

"It could!" He shed his coat and feverishly went over every inch of it. He inspected his trousers and found another bit of the stuff on them. He carried what he found to the bathroom and disposed of it. Mary put on a faded dressing gown, when a knock came at the door. Joe grabbed up his coat and got a .38 automatic from the bureau.

"Remember," he whispered. "Twelve o'clock. And I'm not here, see?" He slipped into the bathroom as his wife opened the door.

The man outside showed his badge. "My name is Balk. Headquarters. Mind if I come in and talk a bit?" He glanced around casually, but she could see that he wasn't missing a thing. "Your husband's out, eh? What time did he get in last night?"

"Twelve o'clock. Is something wrong?"

He motioned her to the window. "See that house?"

There was a tar-papered shack and a ramshackle garage. The yard was piled with junk and a couple of cops were looking around in it.

"That's old man Drury's place. He was found dead this morning. We believe he was murdered. He has a big old car stored in the garage. It has a modernistic swan for a radiator ornament, with six-inch pointed wings swept straight up. Drury had a lot of junk there. It seems he got up on the car to reach for something and slipped. He fell on the swan."

"What—what was he reaching for?"

"A box full of kapok. He dragged it down and the stuff was all over the place. If the murderer got any on his clothes, it's a dead giveaway."

That's what Joe had on him, and he had destroyed it and now there was nothing she could do.

"We didn't see anything," she said, dully.

He nodded. "Well, thanks, anyway." He was gone, and Joe was out of the bathroom as the detective's footsteps retreated.

"You murdered Drury!" Mary said flatly.

"So what? The old geezer had twenty C-notes stashed in the bottom of that box of kapok. He was leaning over the radiator ornament and when I yanked his feet out from under him he didn't even let out a yelp. Just squirmed a few times and that was all."

Mary stared at him a speechless horror.

They didn't go out that day. It faded into murky twilight and the cops left the junkyard. Joe arose swiftly as someone knocked. A high, whiney voice said loudly, "Hey, Morrell! Let me in!"

Joe swore under his breath. "It's that wino from down the hall. Tell him I'm out."

Mary opened the door a crack. "He's out," she said.

"No, he ain't." The caricature of a man wagged his head and leered. "I been watching . . . like I did last night."

Joe's bulk reached out and snatched the



old fellow into the room, cramming him savagely against the wall.

"Loaded yourself with rotgut to get the nerve to put the bite on me, eh? What did you see last night?"

"Plenty! For a thousand dollars I could forget . . ."

Joe's fist bludgeoned into a crushing blow and the old man catapulted backward, folding to the floor in sections. Joe swiveled around, turned hot eyes upon his wife.

"The old bag of bones is dead! There's a cab stand at the corner and I know an old pier where I can dump him. We'll pretend he's drunk."

From the way he was looking at her, Mary knew that Joe would soon be far away with his two thousand dollars and she'd be keeping the derelict's body company under the pier. But she was trapped. They half dragged, half carried the body to the cab at the corner.

"Come on," Joe urged. "Make like you're plastered. One funny move and you'll wake up under a sheet in the morgue."

The corpse's arm was leaden and Mary's feet were more leaden still. They slumped their burden in the cab. The driver nodded at Joe's "Take us to State and Euclid," closed the door after them and got into motion. Mary wanted to scream at each cop they passed but Joe would stare at her with those ugly lights in his eyes and his hand would drift toward the .38. At the edge of the old waterfront district, Joe eased the corpse out and stood a few yards away with it so the cabbie wouldn't see too much.

"Pay the guy," he said.

She took out her purse and came up with two dollar bills. This was her last chance; there wouldn't be any more. She stepped close to the cab.

"Get Balk," she whispered desperately. "Murder!" And aloud, "Here, and thanks." She pushed the money into the driver's hand. The cab made a U turn and got away fast.

They headed toward a deserted pier shed. Joe steered them toward an opening in its side near the far end. He took the body un-

der the armpits, put one foot in the middle of the back, and heaved. It flopped like a grotesque dummy, and then it was gone.

Then she heard Joe's voice grate, "I'm not leaving you behind to run blabbing to the cops . . ."

Her brain screamed through the panic and somehow she found her feet moving, turning, her body turning with them. She ran headlong, blindly, sobbing in her fear and then in midstride, something gave way beneath her foot and she was asprawl in a breathless, whimpering heap. The ancient flooring was spongy with dry rot and she went almost through. Joe advanced in the darkness. His voice became wheedling.

"I was only fooling, Mary. I could have shot you but I put the gun away."

Only fooling. Until he got those ten fingers around her throat . . . "We've got two grand. We'll blow town. You can trust me. Honest."

She made her voice sound small and hurt. "I hurt my ankle. You'll have to carry me." She saw his figure advancing, like a dog at point. "Over here. Follow my voice."

Joe's shambling shape grew larger, closer; and then she could make out his snarling face. He took a swift step forward with his hands reaching like claws. There was a sudden popping of rotten wood and he was gone, dropping through the floor with a yell that was lost in a churning splash.

Fifteen minutes later Balk's probing flashlight picked her out on the edge of a jagged hole in the old floor. They found a board and slid it across the rotten area and after a while they had her in the squad car and she had quieted down enough to tell her story.

"He murdered Drury and the old drunk," she concluded in a flat, lifeless voice. "And I fixed him. I knew those boards were rotten and I made him come to me. He couldn't swim and he splashed and screamed and clawed at the pilings down there for five minutes before he sank."

"It was self defense," Balk said gently. "Have you any folks to go to?"

Mary thought of the farm and her Mom and Dad. "It will be nice to go home," she murmured. "So very, very nice."



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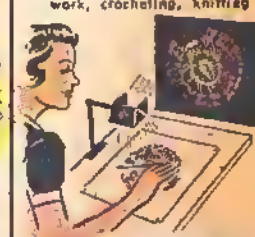
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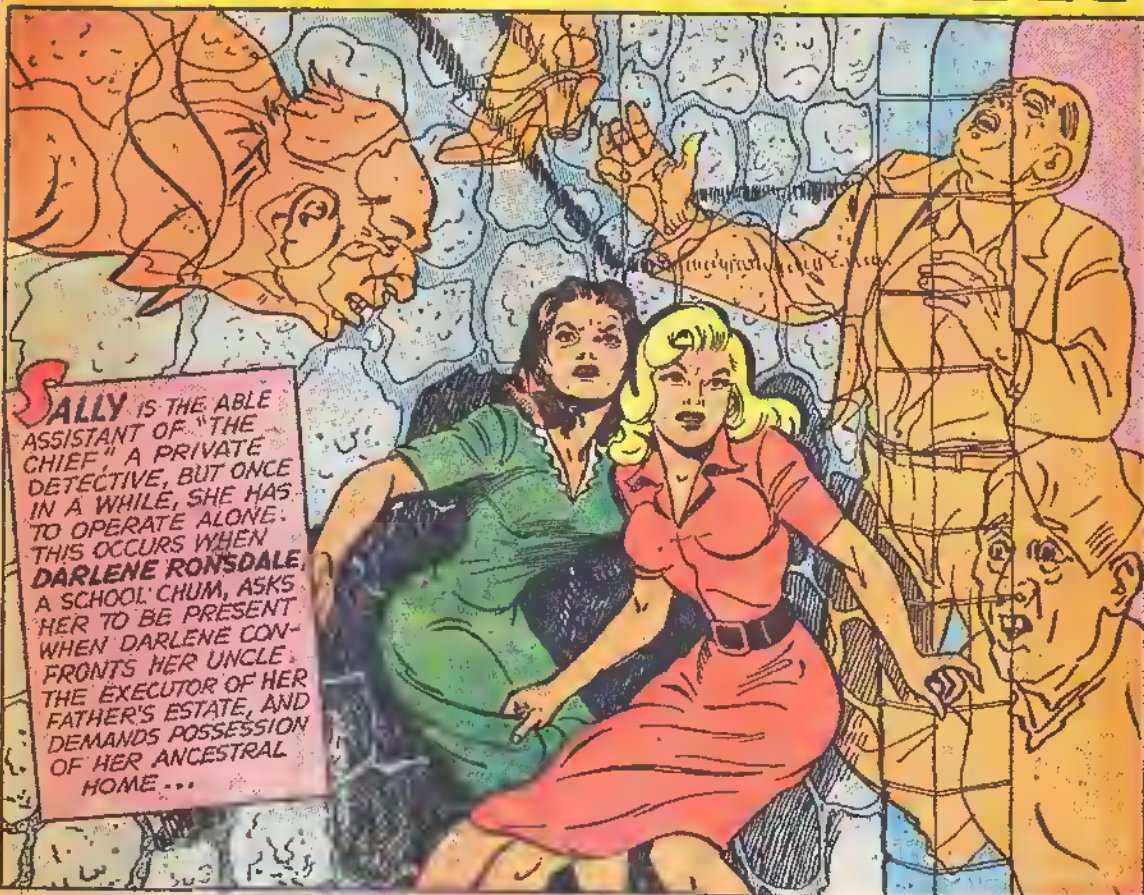
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# SALLY THE SLEUTH



**S**ALLY IS THE ABLE ASSISTANT OF "THE CHIEF" A PRIVATE DETECTIVE, BUT ONCE IN A WHILE, SHE HAS TO OPERATE ALONE. THIS OCCURS WHEN **DARLENE RONSDALE**, A SCHOOL CHUM, ASKS HER TO BE PRESENT WHEN DARLENE CONFRONTS HER UNCLE, THE EXECUTOR OF HER FATHER'S ESTATE, AND DEMANDS POSSESSION OF HER ANCESTRAL HOME...

**IN THE OFFICE OF DR. ROGER RONSDALE, DARLENE'S UNCLE, WHO IS A FAMOUS PLASTIC SURGEON...**

BUT WHY SHOULDN'T I OCCUPY THE FAMILY MANSION? IT'S MINE, ISN'T IT? MY GIRL FRIEND SALLY WILL STAY WITH ME FOR A WHILE.

RONSDALE HALL IS A HOUSE OF DEATH, DARLENE. YOUR FATHER AND SEVERAL OTHERS WERE MURDERED THERE.

WHAT'S HE SO CAGEY ABOUT? GOOD THING HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I'M A PRIVATE EYE...

THERE'S NO USE TALKING ANY MORE ABOUT IT, UNCLE ROGER. I'M GOING TO RONSDALE HALL!

ALL RIGHT, DARLENE, I'LL GO WITH YOU.





SO THAT'S RONSDALE HALL... NOT VERY COMFORTABLE LOOKING!



IT HASN'T BEEN USED SINCE THE DEATH OF DARLENE'S FATHER TWO YEARS AGO. I HOPE JASON FINDS DUNCAN, THE CARETAKER, IN.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HELP!  
HELP!!  
OW-OW-W!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT SOUNDS LIKE JASON, OUR CHAUFFEUR!



WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD HAVE HAPPENED?

NOT A SIGN OF HIM ANYWHERE!

LOOKS AS IF RONSDALE HALL IS LIVING UP TO ITS REPUTATION!



DARLENE STARTS OFF BY HERSELF!

JASON MAY HAVE GONE UPSTAIRS. I'LL TAKE A LOOK.



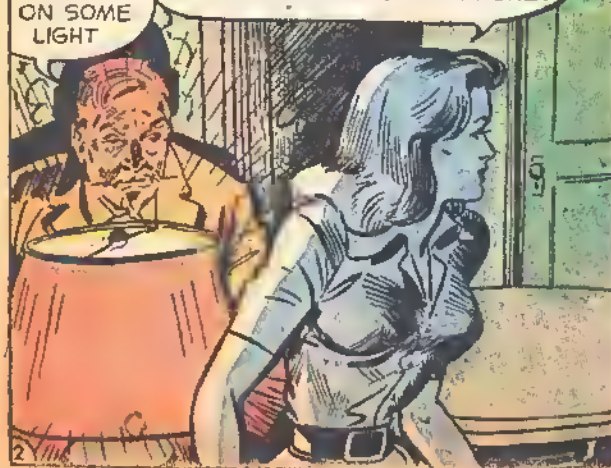
SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE DIMNESS, A SINISTER FIGURE LOOMS AND STRIKES...



MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS IN THE LIBRARY...

MIGHT AS WELL PUT ON SOME LIGHT

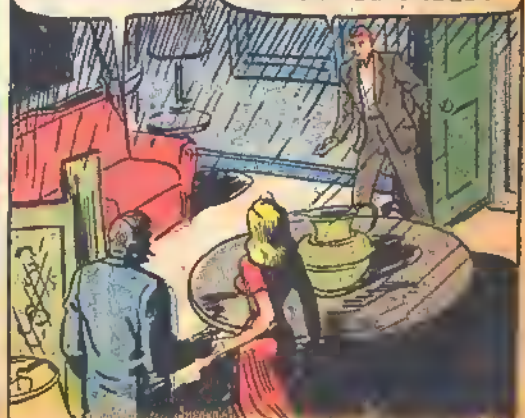
I HEAR FOOTSTEPS OUT IN THE HALL--IT'S PROBABLY DARLENE.



THEN THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS...

OH, IT'S DUNCAN, THE CARETAKER. I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU.

GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR RONSDALE, I WAS JUST WONDERING TO WHOM THAT CAR BELONGED.





OUR CHAUFFEUR HAS SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?

MANY STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN HERE AT NIGHT. I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR HIM, BUT RIGHT NOW, I'LL GO UPSTAIRS AND FIX UP YOUR ROOMS.

WONDER WHERE DARLENE WENT?



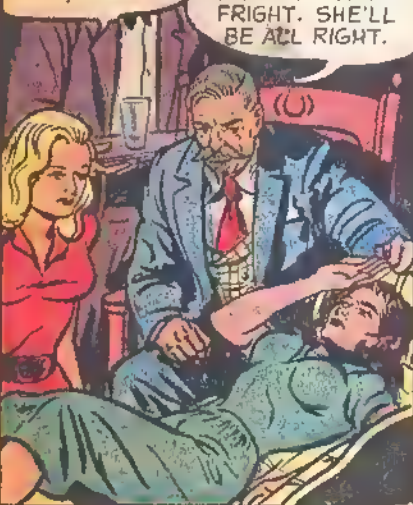
IN A FEW MINUTES...

DR. RONSDALE! DR. RONSDALE! COME HERE! - HURRY!!



IS SHE BADLY HURT, DOCTOR?

NO-SHE FAINTED MOSTLY FROM FRIGHT. SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.



THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT THIS PLACE, I'M GOING TO GIVE IT A THOROUGH GOING OVER.

BETTER DO IT IN THE MORNING. WE ALL NEED A GOOD NIGHT'S REST.



BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, A SKULKING FIGURE SLINKS INTO SALLY'S WINDOW...

I WAS EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE THIS. I'M GOING TO GIVE OUR VISITOR A LITTLE SURPRISE-



OW!  
MY HAND!!

PRETTY LIVE GHOST--WHOEVER HE IS--!



NEXT MORNING, SALLY GOES TO WORK...

ALL THESE OLD HOUSES HAVE SECRET PASSAGES AND SLIDING PANELS, WHICH EXPLAIN MUCH OF THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS. AS A RULE, ONE FINDS THE CONTROL BUTTON CONCEALED IN CARVED ORNAMENTS LIKE THESE... AH--HERE IT IS--LOOK!!





THERE'S THE SECRET PANEL. IT'S OPENING!

THERE ARE STEPS LEADING DOWN, I NEVER KNEW THEY WERE THERE.



SALLY AND DARLENE INVESTIGATE THE STEPS AND FIND A HUGE UNDERGROUND ROOM...

THIS IS THE OLDEST PART OF THE HOUSE. WONDER WHY IT WAS KEPT SECRET?

LOOK AT THIS - PIECES OF SURGICAL GAUZE - THIS IS CERTAINLY MODERN.



WHILE, ABOVE THEM...

SMELLS LIKE A HOSPITAL AROUND HERE -- BUT DR. RONSDALE SAID THAT THE CARETAKER WAS ALONE IN THE HOUSE --



IN THE NICK OF TIME, SALLY LEAPS TO SAFETY, PULLING DARLENE WITH HER...

LOOK OUT!

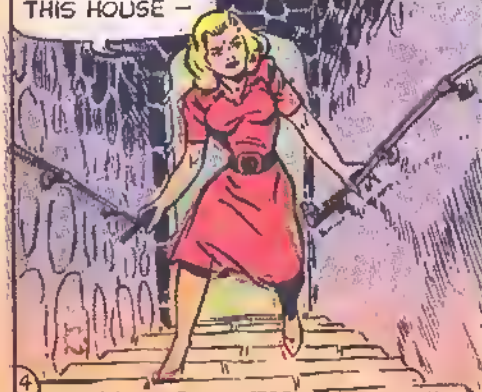


SOMEONE ON THE LEDGE PUSHED THAT STONE DOWN ON US. SALLY--! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



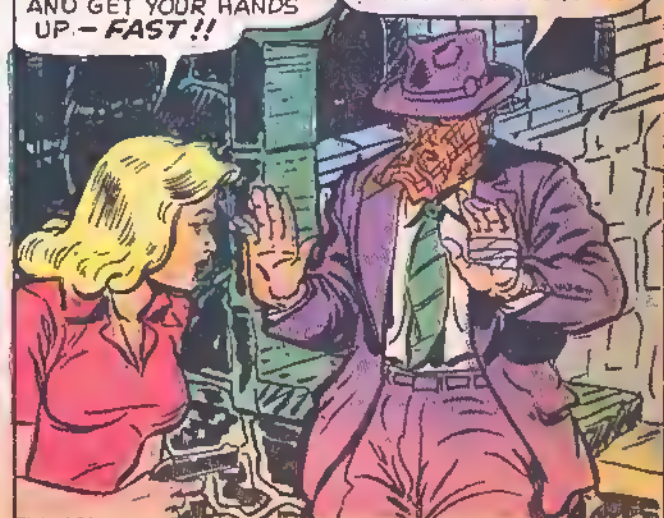
BUT SALLY HAS SPOTTED A NARROW FLIGHT OF STEPS, AND IS ALREADY TEARING UP THEM, GUN IN HAND...

SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT GUY UP THERE IS THE SOLUTION TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY OF THIS HOUSE -



STAND STILL, BROTHER - AND GET YOUR HANDS UP - FAST !!

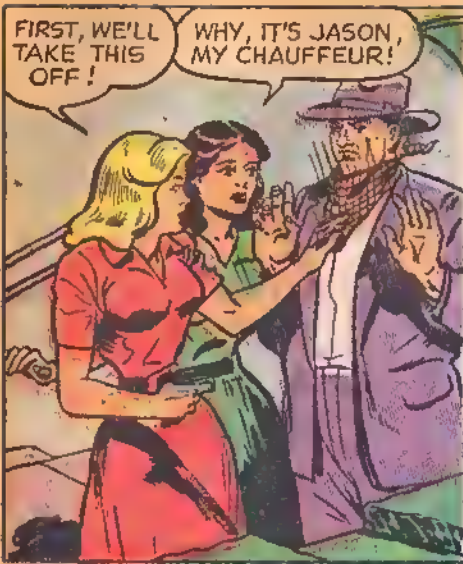
YOU! - ER... UH- !!





FIRST, WE'LL  
TAKE THIS  
OFF!

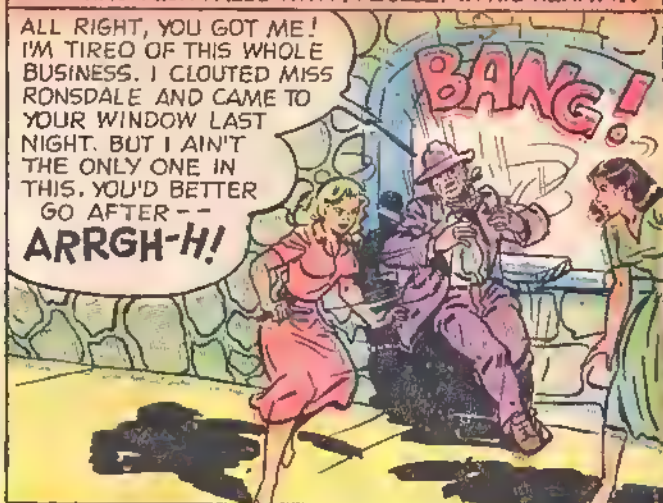
WHY, IT'S JASON,  
MY CHAUFFEUR!



JASON STARTS TO CONFESS, WHEN A SHOT RINGS OUT AND  
THE CHAUFFEUR FALLS WITH A BULLET IN HIS HEART...

ALL RIGHT, YOU GOT ME!  
I'M TIRED OF THIS WHOLE  
BUSINESS. I CLOUTED MISS  
RONSDALE AND CAME TO  
YOUR WINDOW LAST  
NIGHT. BUT I AIN'T  
THE ONLY ONE IN  
THIS. YOU'D BETTER  
GO AFTER --  
**ARRGH-H!**

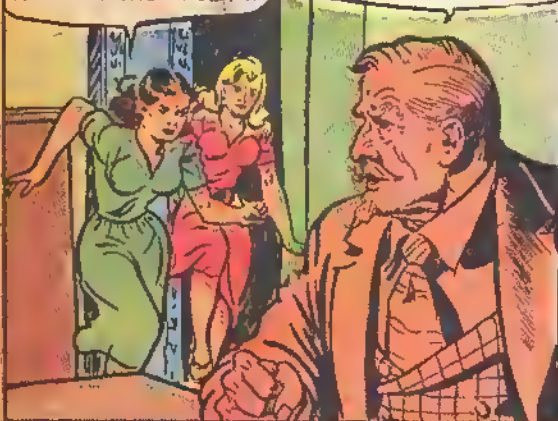
**BANG!**



SALLY AND DARLENE RUSH BACK UPSTAIRS...

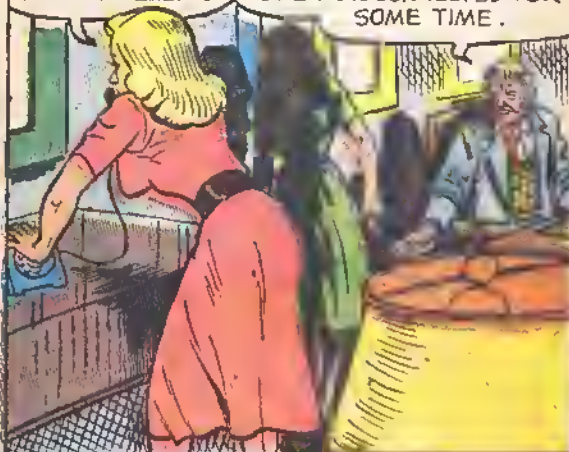
UNCLE ROGER! JASON  
IS SHOT-MURDERED-  
DOWN IN THE OLD  
ROOM IN THE CELLAR!

DUNCAN MUST HAVE  
DONE IT. HE'S THE ONLY  
OTHER ONE HERE.

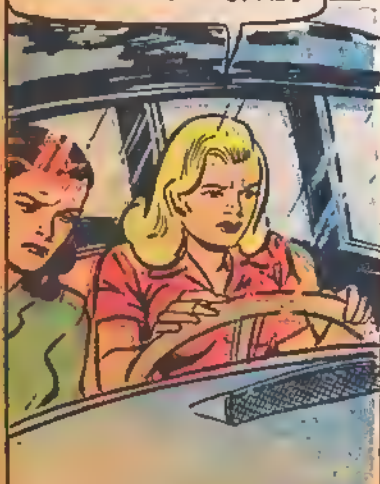


I'M GOING TO CALL  
THE POLICE RIGHT  
AWAY, HELLO--  
HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!

A FUTILE EFFORT, I'M  
AFRAID, YOUNG LADY.  
THE PHONE HERE HAS  
BEEN DISCONNECTED FOR  
SOME TIME.



I'LL HAVE TO DRIVE TO TOWN.  
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS  
CAR. COME ON - GIVE!



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT!  
ALL THE GAS HAS BEEN  
DRAINED OUT! SOMEBODY  
HERE DOESN'T WANT ME  
TO CONTACT THE COPS.  
WELL, WE'LL SEE !!



SALLY RETURNS TO THE HOUSE...

**HEY,** DUNCAN! YOU'RE THE  
ONE I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR!

ME? WHAT DO YOU  
WANT WITH ME, MISS?

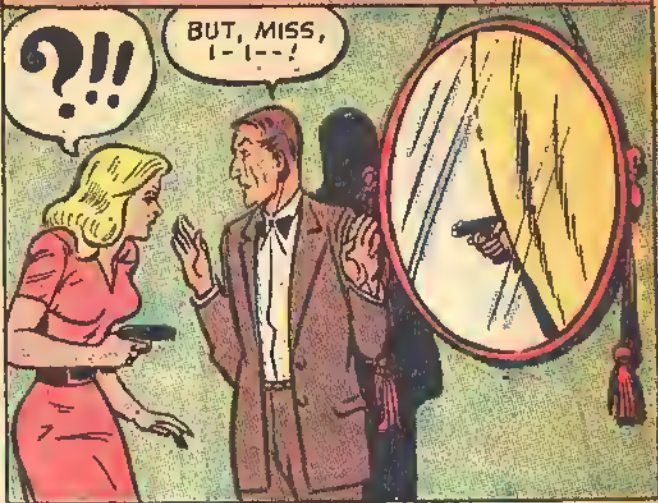




GET STARTED, DUNCAN. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF JASON - AND MAYBE OTHER MURDERS! I'M WALKING YOU TO TOWN!



JUST THEN, IN A MIRROR, SALLY CATCHES SIGHT OF A HAND AND GUN OMINOUSLY LEVELLED AT HER...

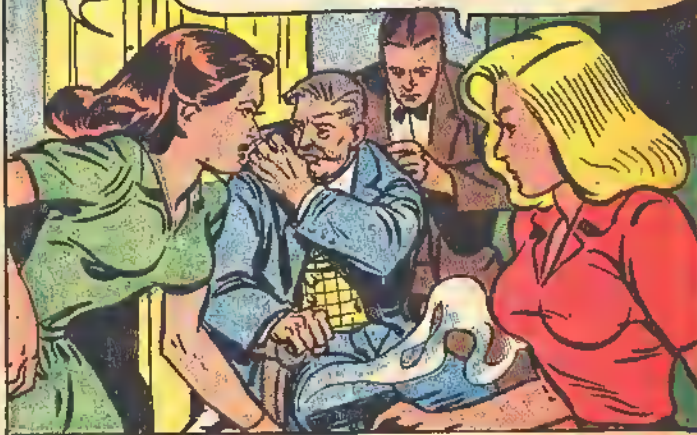


INSTANTLY, SALLY WHIRLS AND FIRES AT THE CURTAIN...



WHAT HAPPENED? I HEARD A SHOT!

I JUST WINGED YOUR DARLING UNCLE. IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, HE'LL PROVE TO BE THE ONE BEHIND ALL THE SHENANIGANS HERE, INCLUDING JASON'S KILLING. WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY, DR. RONSDALE?



I'LL CONFESS! I USED THIS HOUSE TO CHANGE THE FACES OF HUNTED CRIMINALS. WHEN DARLENE DECIDED TO LIVE HERE I TRIED TO FRIGHTEN HER AWAY. BOTH DUNCAN AND JASON WERE IN MY PAY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL JASON. I'M SORRY THINGS TURNED OUT LIKE THIS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL THAT TO THE LAW, PUT THE GAS BACK IN THE CAR, DUNCAN. I'M TAKING THE DOCTOR TO THE COPS!



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R

TOO BAD IT HAD TO BE YOUR UNCLE, DARLENE. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

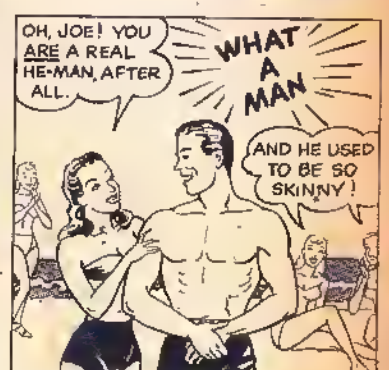
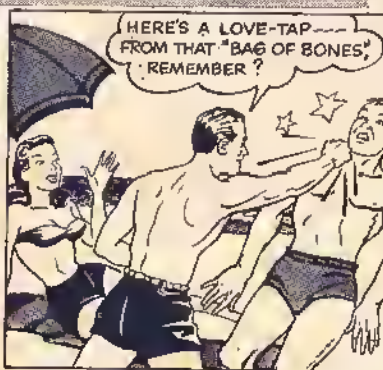
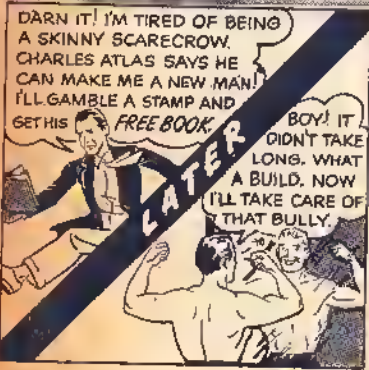
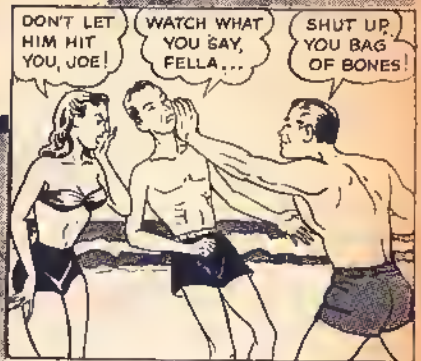
IT WAS UNCLE ROGER'S OWN DOING, SALLY. NOW, THANKS TO YOU, THE HOUSE IS MINE AT LAST. I'M GOING TO HAVE IT CLEANED UP AND THEN I'M GOING TO THROW A TERRIFIC HOUSEWARMING PARTY WITH YOU AS THE GUEST OF HONOR.



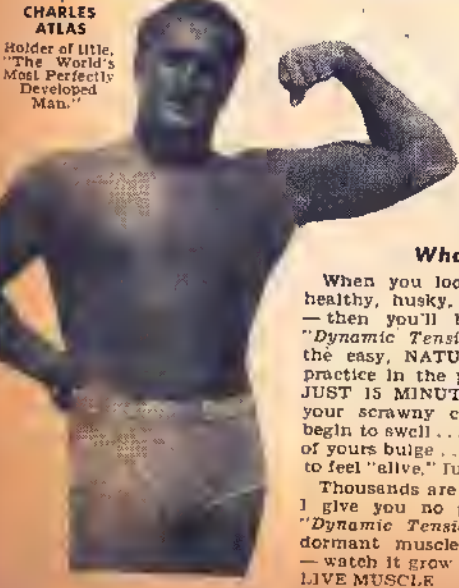




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